I MUST GET HOME.

I must get home. I have wandered long
In this wilderness so drear,
And many times have I lost my way
In the dreary night and the sunless day,
And my heart has quaked with fear.
Fierce storms have driven me farther back,
Where mountains were bleak and bare,
And oft when my foothold I would miss,
Have I fallen into some deep abyss,
And I almost perished there.

I must get home. Too long have I lived
On food that has caused distress;
Bitter the fruits that unripe would fall
And the murky water would turn to gall,
Causing untold wretchedness.
And when a famine was in the land
And the hot winds scorched the ground,
I ate the shucks that were brown and dry,
And often from thirst I would almost die
Ere a cooing draught I found.

I must get home. In a vision fair
I behold it far away;
The sky above it for aye is bright
And there comes no cloud or shadow of night,
For there 'tis a bright, glad day.
A fruit tree grows by the portals wide,
I have longed for it oft and sore,
And when I eat from that goodly tree
And drink from the fountain that flows so free,
I'll hunger and thirst no more.

I must get home. At the gate I see
My father and mother dear.
They have waited long for their truant boy,
And I know their faces will beam with joy
When they see me drawing near.
Two sisters, two brothers now are there,
And weary and sick I roam,
But O how glad will our meeting be
When safe from my journey they welcome me.
I must, O I must get home.
—George Clay Lloyd, in Banner of Gold.

By Will N. Harben.

CHAPTER XII.—CONTINUED.

When she had left the room, a strange, glorious light in her young face, he began again to walk the floor. He was tingling in every vein. His heart had begun to beat excitedly. He tried to think of Jeanne, the awful disease which was eating Blanche's life away, but he could only feel the pressure of his ward's hands, the warmth of her breath on his face, the depth of her great, trustful eyes.

"Great God! what can this mean?" he exclaimed.

He continued to walk back and forth across the room for half an hour, then he stopped suddenly and rang.

James obeyed the summons.

"Where is Mr. Talley?" he asked.

"In the study, at work, sir." James saluted in military fashion.

"That is all." The major went to the study, where he found his private secretary at work at a typewriter.

"Talley," he began, "you wanted to see me yesterday, I believe?"

"I did, major. I believe the amount you were keeping for me is exactly $5,000?"

"You are right, Talley; that is the amount, and, as I told you, you can get it at any time you wish. All you have to do is to draw the check. I will sign it."

"I have it ready now," said the young man, handing Goddard a slip of paper.

"I hope you are not thinking of leaving me?" said the major, as he signed the check.

"Not that, but I am flatly disobeying your injunctions, major. You have tried to keep me out of speculation, but the temptation is too strong to resist. This check covers all my savings, and yet I am going to put every cent of it into G. N. & W. railway stock."

"Oh, you can't be so foolhardy, Talley!"

"I am fortunately on the inside as to the future outcome of the stock," declared the young man. "I have a young friend, Hubert Johnson, the son of the Wall street Johnson. You know him by reputation. Well, this friend of mine happened to overhear a conversation in his father's office which let him on to an important secret. His father and other big speculators have formed a syndicate to depress this stock. It has been going down like lightning for the last two months. It has reached its lowest notch. They are certainly buying all they can lay their hands on. I know I cannot be running any risk. I am in a sure deal. I tell you this because I hope that you will take a hand. I had rather see you make money than anyone, major, for you have been the best friend I have ever had."

"I shall not invest," answered Goddard; "but I wish you luck, Talley. I hope it will make you rich."

"Thank you major." The secretary put the check into his pocket.

"I have an important commission for you, Talley." The major cleared his throat, sat down at his desk, turned in his revolving chair and crossed his legs. A slight color had risen in his face. Talley had never seen him look so handsome.

"I am at your service, major."

"What if I were to tell you I am going to get married, Talley?"

The secretary stared. The carriage of his typewriting machine, with which he was toying, fell with a sharp click.

"Are you in earnest, Maj. Goddard?"

"Quite in earnest, Talley. I have decided to marry my ward."

"Miss Briscoe?" exclaimed Talley, his face suddenly falling.

"Yes, Miss Briscoe. And we have decided, under existing circumstances, that we will have the affair take place in as quiet a manner as possible. I want you to drive over to Rev. Mr. Strothers at once and see if we may come to his house to-morrow morning. If he consents, then I want you to attend to any other arrangements without delay."

The private secretary had turned quite pale. His eyes were expanded and fixed in a helpless stare on the face of his employer.

"Have you thought over this well, major?" he blurted out, suddenly.

"Why do you ask that?" asked Goddard, suspiciously.

"Pardon me," stammered Talley, "I only thought"—but it was not clear to Talley what he thought.

"I do not understand your—your question, Talley," insisted the major.

"You know Miss Briscoe is young," answered the secretary, "and—and she has been so upset over your recent bereavement that I was afraid that, through sympathy and vast interest in you as her father's friend and her benefactor, she might—"

"I see," broke in the major; "you think she may hastily take a step that might be regretted later, but you need not be afraid, Talley. The truth is, Blanche and I once thought of marrying before I met Mrs. Goddard. I think you need have no fears on that score."

"I did not know of that," said the private secretary, his face still set and white. "I beg your pardon. I shall carry out your instructions. I hope you can overlook my remark just now."

"Easily," said the major, "for it shows your interest in me and Blanche is more than skin deep."

When the major had left the room the young man lowered his head to his desk. He heard the major ring and order the horse and cart.

"God have mercy on me! What have I been allowing myself to think about?" he muttered. "I might have known there was something—behind that awful suffering of hers. I ought to have seen that she loved him!"

CHAPTER XIII.

During that night a light snow began to fall, and as the bridal party left the next morning to be driven to the house of Rev. Mr. Strothers a thin white carpet lay on the earth and fine feathery flakes continued to fall.

The servants had been apprised of the astonishing event and they gathered at the windows which look out upon the drive.

"A very sensible thing for 'em to do," said James. "She is the sort of mistress I want to work for. I should have left the other if she hadn't gone to the bottom of the Atlantic. I haven't lived with the aristocracy for ten years without knowing a sample when I see it. The good Lord has been kind to the major."

"I wish she had waited awhile, just for the looks o' the thing," said Katie, Blanche's favorite maid. "Then she could have had a swell wedding, plenty of presents, and—"

"And give you all her old clothes," sneered James, who was too fat to make use of the major's discarded apparel.

"I get everything I want anyway," was Katie's defense. "It is only because I think she deserves all that any rich young lady has that I object to this kind of a marriage; but if she is only happy, I won't complain."

These gossiping hirelings were at the windows when the returning carriage appeared in sight an hour later. The bride's beautiful face was flushed by the contact with the wind, and she had never looked so happy or moved with so much grace. Talley and Miss Dean had very serious faces as they came up the veranda side by side.

"Well, it is all over," said the major to his bride when they were alone in the luxurious company chamber, where a red fire glowed. He had never been such a mystery to himself as now. He felt as if he were drunken with delicious memories of their old courtship.

"Yes, I am your wife at last," she said, with a smile. "I am your wife, and I am going to make you happy. I feel it away down in my heart."

"You feel it," he repeated, as if in a dream, and he helped her to take off her cloak. He felt her warm breath on his face. He laid the cloak aside, then drew her into his arms and kissed her. "And so do I, dear girl. And so do I."

At that strange moment Jeanne Goddard and all her evil plans seemed as much removed from his life as if she had never entered it. It was as if the old life had come back to him—the life in which his love had for its object a creature so pure and undefiled that it lifted him up and opened his eyes to spiritual possibilities.

"I was at first afraid you would not consent so soon after—after her death," he said.

"I felt that it was my right to have you now," said Blanche, frankly. "She told me how she had deliberately beguiled you from me when she discovered that you loved me. The night before she sailed she confessed she had resorted to every trick and artifice within her power to make you cast me aside."

"She told you that?" the major exclaimed.

"Yes, and not only that, but she said she had some sort of presentiment that she was going to die abroad, and said if anything did happen to her she hoped I would marry you. Oh, I've tried to regret her death—to feel sorry for her at being taken away in the midst of such sins, but I cannot. She even told me—oh, I can't tell you what else she said. It makes me almost hate her memory."

"Please go on," said the major.

"She confessed that she was unhappy with you—that she wanted to get away from you—that she married you simply for your money."

"I suspected that," said the major, dreamily.

It seemed so wonderful to him that he could now calmly contemplate Jeanne's shallow faithlessness without the pangs such thoughts had always caused him. Was it because he really loved his ward and that he had never loved Jeanne—that his passion for her had been only a base infatuation which had already taken wings?

He could not answer these questions; he could only wonder at the strange exultation which was swelling in his breast—the boundless enthusiasm over the thought that he was loved by the beautiful young creature before him. He lost sight of the wrong he had done her. She had only a short while to live—that time, he told himself, should constitute his life and hers; beyond that brief period he could not reckon.

"You have suffered?" he heard himself murmuring.

"Ever since that awful day when you introduced me to her in the drawing-room. I had never dreamed that God intended you for anyone but me. You had been my whole life, and even afterwards, when I saw the hold she had on you, I could not keep from suffering. The pain, the loss was with me night and day. I hated her; I despised myself. I planned a thousand times to leave, but I could not tear myself away, because I saw your soul in danger. I saw her day by day leading you downward instead of upward, as I had dreamt of doing. I knew how charitable you had been before your marriage—how many poor people you had helped, and I saw her drawing you away from such impulses by her sharp, heartless ridicule."

"And now that she is no longer—no longer—here?" Goddard could not pronounce the word which lay on his tongue like a weight.

"Now that she is out of our way I shall pray God to help me exercise a better influence over you."

"You have always done that," he said. "Do with me as you will. I am a very bad man, Blanche; a very wicked man. If you knew me as I am you would despise me for my wickedness, as you despised her for hers."

"You never had a fault till she crossed your path, dear guardian, and nothing you have done since is going to count." She spoke lightly, and smiled as she laid her head on his shoulder.

The next day was Sunday, and as Miss Dean had gone home, they drove alone to the village, about two miles distant, to attend church. Blanche had never looked so well. The crisp air brought the blood into her cheeks and blew her hair into a froth of gold about her eyes and brow.

"Perhaps we ought not to drive so far," he said, solicitously, as they were entering the carriage. "Do you think Dr. Fleming would approve of it?"

"He said outdoor exercise was what I needed most," answered Blanche. "Don't worry about me; the medicine he prescribed is making me strong again. Did you notice the breakfast I ate? I was ashamed of my appetite."

He was silent a moment as they drove along, then he gravely said:

"I want you to go to a good physician to-morrow and ask his advice. It has been some time since you saw Dr. Fleming."

"Oh, don't begin that," said Blanche, pretending to pout. "I am getting along beautifully."

"But I—I want—you must see a doctor," he stammered. "I shall feel bet-

HE SAT STARING AT THE WORDS FOR SEVERAL MINUTES.

ter now to know that everything is being done that should be done for you."

"You talk as if I were going to die," said the girl. "Why, I've just begun to live."

For a moment he looked confused. He could not reveal his real fears, and yet he was now deeply troubled about her condition.

"Of course, it isn't anything serious," he said; "but still to please me you will let me send for Dr. Fralich."

"No, I don't know him, and I don't like to make new acquaintances. Besides, Dr. Fleming is coming to New York in about ten days. I promised faithfully to see him when he returned."

"How do you know he is coming?" asked the major, in surprise.

"I had a note from him yesterday. He explained that he was coming to New York earlier than he expected, owing to a sudden change in his plans. I will go to see him, if you insist on it, but I know he will tell me I have taken enough of his tonics."

"Well, that will do," said Goddard, reluctantly. He thought of the crimson pictures in the medical book he had consulted, and his heart sank. After all, his new-found happiness was only to end in her death, and then—

Goddard's meditations about Blanche always stopped there. He had shut his real wife out of his thoughts as men who are striving for better things shut out the memory of past evil deeds and associations.

That night when the house was still and he found himself alone in his study he forced himself to the task of communicating with Jeanne. And as I can in no better way reveal the workings of his heart, I shall reproduce the letter word for word.

In beginning it he wrote "Dear Jeanne," but there he stopped abruptly, and sat staring at the words for several minutes, then he tore the sheet into small bits and let them filter through his fingers. His letter began simply as follows:

"Well, I have at last done your bidding. I was a madman. I confess that—the very flames of hell had scorched my brain. I have committed an unspeakable crime against the purest, loveliest creature that God ever gave life to. You will be surprised perhaps to find that I have changed so quickly, and really I have changed completely. The scales have fallen from my sight. I feel like a man who has been hypnotized and wakes to find he has murdered his best friend. I despise myself as no mortal ever despised himself before. I now know that my passion for you was the blindest, most insane infatuation that ever dragged the soul of a man from an atmosphere of hope down into the mire of hellish despondency. I now know that my love for my ward was the only pure love I have ever experienced. Yes, I loved her when I met you, and I love her now with all the tortured soul within me. I have wronged her as no man ever wronged a pure, unsuspecting woman, but as her life will be of such short duration, if I can prevent it she shall never know of the stain I have put upon her fair name. While she lives I shall lavish all the tenderness of my soul on her, praying to God that I may in that way atone a little—a very little—for my crime against her. She married me to comfort me in my loneliness; I married her at the bidding of an intriguer of the most unpardonable type. I would confess all at this moment but for the fear that the shock would kill her. How could I tell her that you are alive, and that I am not her legal husband?

"I would not write to you now, but for the fact that it is due you to know the stand I have taken, and that we must now thoroughly understand each other in regard to Blanche's fortune. As God is my judge I do not want her money, and as God is my judge you shall never lay your covetous hands upon it. I shall at once take precautions to see that, at her death, the money shall go to her blood relatives. As to you, I shall never willingly see you again, nor write you another line from this day forth. I see my duty and I shall do it. Any letter you write me will be returned to you unopened. Do your worst. If you wish to publish to the world that you and I have played on its credulity, do so, I shall then confess to the part I took in your scheme. As much as I now hate you, I would not let you bear all the blame. I am as guilty as you because I am a man. I herewith enclose a draft payable to Mrs. Nolan; it is all the money I can send you now. I am about to enter into a speculation in railway stock and if it turns out well I shall send you more money. You are my wife and I shall provide for you as well as my own means will allow, but of Blanche's money you nor I shall ever have one penny. I shall try to get means out of my own resources to keep you quiet at least as long as Blanche lives, but you need not look to me for large remittances. I am not exactly under your thumb; your threats of exposure will not frighten me. I am desperate. I want Blanche to know what I am. I cannot face her pure eyes and know that I am as vile as the deepest dyed convict. The sooner you make the whole thing known the better I shall be pleased.

"ROWLAND GODDARD."

Mrs. Nolan was standing in the door of the little gray brick cottage when the postman handed this communication to her. Recognizing the handwriting she took it unopened to Mrs. Goddard, who was restlessly walking in the little, high-walled garden in the rear of the house.

"Ah," she exclaimed, "he has written!"

"Yes, it is from him," said the angular woman, approaching slowly.

Mrs. Goddard tore open the envelope. She had hardly read a dozen lines before she uttered a little scream, and then, with quivering hands and expanding eyes, she continued to read.

[To Be Continued.]

ADMIT ME, ADMIT MY DOG.

Count Von Weldon, Admirer of Bernhardt, Modernizes Old Saying.

Count von Weldon is one of Bernhardt's warmest admirers, and has not missed a first night of any of the plays the French company has produced at New York. He met with a staggering surprise when he tried to buy a seat for his greyhound, "The Countess," for the "Hamlet" production the other night.

"No dogs allowed in the auditorium," the manager told him.

"Then I will buy me a box," said the count.

"Impossible."

"Why so?" persisted the German nobleman. "My dog is quiet and intelligent. I have promised her that she shall see the great Bernhardt. I will take a box and no one in the audience will be any the wiser for her."

When the manager remained firm the count lost his patience and decided he would not patronize the theater himself any longer.

"The Countess is not good enough for your theater, hey?" said he. "Then neither is the count. I come here no more."

Count von Weldon accordingly beckoned to the greyhound—a truly magnificent beast, whom he never insults by a whistle—and the pair left the theater in a huff.

Count von Weldon lives on Madison avenue, where he and his dog are constantly seen together. He is understood to be a member of the publishing firm of Charles Scribner's Sons.

A Democratic King.

A story illustrative of the democratic simplicity of the king of Sweden and Norway is told of Gaston Bonnier, the French botanist. Bonnier was botanizing near Stockholm when he met a man similarly occupied. The two fraternized, and after some hours Bonnier suggested that they should lunch together at an inn. "No; come home and lunch with me instead," said the stranger, and he led the way to the palace and opened the gate. Bonnier was naturally astonished, but his new acquaintance was most apologetic. "I'm sorry," he said, "but I happen to be the king of this country, and as I can't very well go to an inn without attracting a crowd, this is the only place I've got to entertain anybody in." So they went in and lunched and talked botany together all the afternoon.—Golden Days.

His Own Fault.

Hodd—Hang it all! Do you suppose I'll ever make a good golf player?

Todd (pityingly)—Never, old man. You think too much of your family and your business.—Harper's Bazar.

HELPS FOR HOUSEKEEPERS.

A Budget of Domestic Suggestions Which May Be of Service to the Beginner.

Young rabbits can be readily told because they skin easily, and their jaws crack quite freely under pressure betwixt finger and thumb.

If the point or end of the breast bone next the vent of any fowl, game bird, etc., bends easily to pressure, you can safely say the bird is young. If the bird be broken or doctored, then nip the flesh across butt of wings or neck, between finger and thumb, when the fingers will sink into the flesh of the bird if it is young.

A delicious salad may be made of the turkey meat. Cut the meat into dice and mix it with an equal quantity of celery. Season with salt, paprika, onion juice and capers, and serve on lettuce leaves with a mayonnaise dressing, to which some whipped cream has been added. Both white and dark meat may be used, and if the supply is small, very tender veal will not detract from the flavor, says the Boston Budget.

To make an oyster rarebit put in a saucepan one-half pound of full cream American cheese, cut into small pieces. Add to it from one-quarter to one-half cupful of oyster juice, with the soft part of the oysters, and one-half tablespoonful of butter. Stir until the mixture is creamy and pour over hot toast.

For a peach and pear salad, fresh ripe fruit should be used. Peel the pears and cut them into slices. Pare and quarter the peaches. Put them in layers into a glass dish, with sweetened whipped cream between each.

Cheese sticks to serve with a salad or with a meat jelly may be made quickly from bread. Trim off the crust and cut into finger length pieces an inch and a half thick. Toast over the fire and sprinkle with Parmesan cheese.

There is no domestic remedy that so promptly cuts short congestion of the lungs, sore throat or rheumatism as will hot water when applied promptly and thoroughly.

Real comfort for room wear is to be found in the soft fur slippers, wool lined. They can't be called really beautiful, except for the beauty of the fur, but they have charms of their own. They are to be found in all kinds of the shorter napped furs, sealskin, otter and in the tiger skin the slippers are more shapely. There is nothing like the fur slippers for warmth.

The ivory handles of your knives and piano keys will preserve their creamy tone if wiped off twice a week with a cloth dampened with alcohol.

In spite of all the remedies offered for driving away ants from the house, the only sure way seems to be to catch and kill them. Set in the closets plates coated thick with soft lard, with little sticks leaning against them for the ants to climb. When filled drop into a pan of boiling water, and then set the plate as before.

Soft leather gloves may be washed in the following manner: Make a strong suds of any good white soap, and to two quarts of suds add one teaspoonful of borax dissolved in half a pint of hot water. When the mixture is cold, put the gloves on the hands and wash as if washing the hands. Rinse, draw them off and hang to dry, but not in the sun. Work gently, as the wet leather stretches. When nearly dry pull into shape.

If, when you wash your bric-a-brac, you will use a camel's hair brush for the interstices, and warm water and castile soap, they will emerge from their bath as fresh as new.

Let nothing about your house get slipshod. Things kept in perfect order not only look better but last longer than things half cared for. She is no true housekeeper who keeps the front of the house in order and allows the kitchen and offices to be "slicked."

The Extreme Limit.

"I think there should be a law against publishing lies," said the innocent-faced man, as he laid down his paper and heaved a sigh.

"Have you discovered a lie?" was asked by a fellow passenger.

"I'm sure of it. A man who was on a steamer when she was wrecked claims to have swam a distance of 40 miles to land. We know that is a physical impossibility. I myself was once on a steamer lost on the coast, and at that time I was called a champion swimmer. I swam and swam, but I didn't swim no 40 miles. I could not have done it."

"How far did you swim?"

"Thirty-nine miles to a foot, sir, and any man in this world who says he has swum 40 is a liar, sir, and the truth isn't in him, sir."—Washington Post.

Golden Silence.

Mamma—You're very fond of your dolly, aren't you, dear?

Little Ethel—Yes. She's nicer than anybody else I know.

"Oh, no. She's not nicer than your mamma."

"Yes, she is; 'cause she don't never 'sturb me when I'm talking."—Philadelphia Press.

Good Salve for Burns.

An excellent salve, good for burns and healing in character, is made by steeping the bark of sassafras roots in fresh lard. Southern housekeepers put a few sassafras roots with the cobs or chips used to smoke hams, to secure a peculiar flavor which they consider appetizing.—Detroit Free Press.

The Popes of Rome.

There has been one Dutch, one English, one Swiss and one Portuguese pope. Two hundred and one have been Italian.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

HUMOROUS.

Everything seems to be the object of a trust nowadays. Even the gentle rain forms pools in the streets.—Chicago Daily News.

Miss Black—"I'm sure I hit something that time, Gwen!" Miss Gray—"Looks like it, dear. One of the beaters over there is having his leg bandaged up."—Pick-Me-Up.

The stage villain glanced at his cigarette. "I must dissemble," he said. And he tossed the cigarette out of the window and donned a bland smile.—Philadelphia North American.

Little Willie—"Papa, who is the best man at a wedding?" Mr. Hennypeck—"The best man is the chap who sees the other fellow get the worst of it, my son."—Smart Set.

Miss Bensonhurst—"Charlie Spooner can manage his automobile lovely with one hand!" Miss Dykerheights—"Pooh! Jack Squeesicks is going to get one that he can steer with his feet!"—Brooklyn Eagle.

He—"I think, on the whole, we would better break off our engagement." She—"So do I. But you should give me time to look around."—Puck.

Sally Gay—"Wally Softsmith is a great flatterer, isn't he?" Dolly Swift—"Oh, yes, he always talks as if he were dictating an epitaph for one's tombstone."—Judge.

Mrs. Nexdore—"A piano's a nice thing to have. My daughter finds it so easy to kill time on—" Mrs. Pepprey—"Yes, but why does she torture it so?"—Philadelphia Press.

LAMP CHIMNEYS.

Made in This Country by Millions Annually for Home Use and Export.

"The lamp chimney," said a man acquainted with the trade, to a New York Sun reporter, "seems a simple sort of thing, but there are not many things of more common use the world over, and in the aggregate the number sold is enormous. In this country there are 12,000 men and boys employed in making lamp chimneys, and the chimneys produced number millions annually. The greater number are now made west of the Allegheny mountains in Pennsylvania, Ohio and Indiana, where the majority of the glass works of the country are located, many of them in the natural gas regions.

"The first glass works in the country were established in Boston, and formerly the glassmaking industry was principally in the east. Now there are not nearly so many glass factories here as there once were.

"One not familiar with the business might be surprised with the great variety in which lamp chimneys are made. Lamps are made in these days in very great variety by many makers, and of course there are made chimneys suitable for all of them. There is one American lamp chimney maker who, counting sizes and styles, produces 600 varieties. Among the great variety of chimneys made there are some that are of common use everywhere, and then there are some that are specially suited to demands in this or that part of the country and are not in demand in other parts.

"Lamp chimneys are not only made in far greater variety than formerly, to fit perfectly every sort of lamp, but they are also made better than ever. In fact, lamp chimneys have advanced with everything else. But enormous and increasing as the production is, the demand scarcely keeps pace with the increase in the population, this being especially true of cities in which gas is more and more used, and here in New York, for instance, by users through slot gas machines, which have some influence on the sale of lamp chimneys. Still the number of lamps used here is enormous. There are plenty of people burning gas, for instance, who have as well three or four lamps, and the number of people here who use lamps alone for the purpose of illumination is very great. There are used in New York and its vicinity millions of lamp chimneys annually.

"There are received in this city from western manufacturers, for domestic consumption, I suppose about four car loads of chimneys weekly, running from 1,500 to 2,000 dozen chimneys to the car. These are sold to jobbers who distribute them through their trade to customers in the city and hereabouts and to customers at greater or less distances away. Perhaps half of these chimneys, or rather more, are used in the city or within 50 miles of it. To the chimneys thus brought here are to be added those produced here, the eastern chimneys being made chiefly for the local trade and for export.

"We import a few lamp chimneys of the cheaper and of the best grades, the cheap chimneys from Germany and the costlier from France, but these imports cut only a small figure in the total consumption, and we export lamp chimneys in great quantities. We send very few to Europe, though we do sell them some of our best chimneys. But outside of Europe we sell lamp chimneys everywhere. We come into competition in some parts of the world with the Germans, who make chimneys very cheaply, but our exports are increasing, and we send chimneys, as I said, everywhere; to Mexico, the West Indies, South America, South Africa, China, in fact to all lands in which lamps are used, all around the earth."

The Chameleon Fish.

There is a quaint little fish which haunts the weed tracts of the gulf stream and there builds its nests and lays its eggs like a bird rather than a fish. This animal—the antennarius—imitates in color the weed it lives in, and, like the chameleon, constantly changes its color.—Science.

A Lesson from the Soap Bubble.

Don't dress for show. The thinnest soap bubbles wear the gaudiest colors.—Chicago Daily News.